Mr. COWLEY's VERSES

In PRAISE of

Mr. HOBBES,

OPPOS'D;

By a Lover of Truth and Virtue.

Idcirco Virtus medio jacet obruta cœno:
Nequitiæ claſſes candida vela ferunt.

Εἰη μήποτέ μοι τοι-
--ῶτον ἦθος Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ κελεύθοις
Ἁπλόαις ζοᾶς ἐφαπτοίμαν——
——Αἰνέων Αἰνησὶ, Μομ-
——φὰν δ' ὀπιπτεύων Ἀλίξοις.

Sint nunquam mihi tales
Mores *Jupiter Pater*: ſed viis
Simplicibus vitæ inſiſtam——
Laudans Laudanda, Vituperiumque
Inſpergens Improbis.
PIND. NEM. ODE VIII.

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Mr. COWLEY's VERSES

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To Mr. HOBBES

(i)

VAst Bodies of Philosophy
I oft have seen, and read,
But all are Bodies dead,
Or Bodies by Art fashioned:
I never yet the Living Soul could see
But in thy Books, and thee.
'Tis only God can know
Whether the fair Idea *thou dost show,*
Agree entirely with his own, or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis so like Truth 'twill serve our turn as well:
*Just as in * Nature thy* Proportions be,
As full of Concord *their* Varietie;
As firm the parts upon their Center *rest,*
And all so Solid are, that they at least
As much as Nature, Emptiness detest.

What Bodies of Philoſophie
You oft have ſeen, and read,
I wiſh you had but mentioned,
Wee'd judge if they're alive, or dead:
We cannot judge before we Trye.
The *Morals* of the *Stagirite*
Are *Stars* which to th' Dark World gave Light,
But *Hobbes* by his would turn our Day to Night.
Great Zenophon, and *Plato*, who relate,
How *Socrates* embrac'd his Fate,
And all the Brave *Socratick Race*,
Whoſe *Monuments* Time can't deface,
Shall live, when *Hobbes* ſhall have his Doom,
So *Lie as dead*, as doth TOM THUMB:
Good Men his Knavery ſpie:
His Books contain ſome Truths, and many a Lie,
Some Truths *well known*, *but ſtrange* Impiety.
*Stay! ſtay! where now fond *Lad*!
Thy Wit thus ſtrain'd, Thou'rt ten times worſe than (*Mad*.
What's Nature but the Ordinary way
Wherein our Good Creator doth diſplay
His *Power*, and *Wiſdom* in the things he *made*
For his own *Goodneſs ſake*: Man's not a *Shade*,
But *utter Darkneſs*; whilſt he *acts alone*,
Whilſt his works are *not natures*; but *his own*.
What! *Hobbes*, and *Nature* thus to *parallel*!
What's this but to *confront* Bright *Heaven* with *Hell*!
So doth the Poets wit ſuit with his *Theme*:
He that will *Hobbes* Applaud muſt firſt *Blaſpheme*.

(2)

Long did the mighty Stagirite *retain*
The universal Intellectual Reign,
Saw his own Countrys short-liv'd Leopard *slain;*
The stronger Roman Eagle *did out-fly,*
Oftner renew'd his Age, and saw that Dye.
Mecha *it self in spight of* Mahomet *possest,*
And chas'd by a wild Deluge from the East,
His Monarchy new planted in the West.
But as in time each great Imperial Race
Degenerates, and gives some new one place:
So did this Noble Empire waste,
Sunk by degrees from Glories past,
And in the School-mens *hands perisht quite at last.*
Then nought, but words it grew,
And those all Barbarous too.
It perisht, and it vanisht, there,
The Life and Soul breath'd out, became but empty Air.

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(2)

The Empire of the *Stagarites* sublime and piercing wit,
(Thoth'Empire both of *Greece*, and *Rome*
Time did long since or'ecome) (submit;
Shall ne're decay, but men shall still to its vast Power
For All well-order'd thoughts must go
*W*ithin the Compass of those Rules, which his great
Our *HARVEY*, whose bright Fame (Art did shew.
So *Dazel'd* Envies Eye, that she

Could

could never see
The least Pretence to lessen his Great Name,
Even He commends the *Stagirite*
To all Posterity,
As one that had a Clear Insight
Into the Secret ways of Natures *Majesty*.
'Tis true he fail'd in that he did not see
That *things Successive* could not be
From all *Eternitie*:
But yet he saw
That this is Natures Law,
That all things must depend on him alone,
Who gives to all things Motion, though himself has none,
Who Is, and Was, and Ever shall Be ONE
In *all Simplicitie*,
From *Composition*, and from *Alteration* free:
To whom may all true Praise be given
In Earth, as 'tis in Heaven.

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(3)

The Fields which answered well the Antients Plow,
Spent and out-worn return no Harvest *now*,
In Barren Age wild, and unglorious lie
And boast of past Fertilitie,
The poor relief of present Poverty.
Food, and Fruit we now must want,
Unless New Lands *we* plant.
We break up Tombs with Sacrilegious hands;
Old Rubbish *we remove,*
To walk in Ruines *like vain* Ghosts *we love,*
And with fond Divining Wands
We search among the Dead,

For

For Treasures Buried,
Whilst still the liberal Earth does hold
So many Virgin Mines *of* undiscovered Gold.

(3)

That in this Age Men don't their Thoughts confine
Within the *Line*
Of what Judicious *Aristotle* said;
Nor are his Works so *commented*,
As they were in those Days;
They don't hereby detract from his Great Praise.
Sith they walk in those ways,
To which his mighty *Genius led*.
His *Commendation* was not this, that he
Did shew the Truth of this, or that *Particularity*;
But that he shew'd the way to clear our Thought,
That every Man might *find* that Truth, which should
(by him be *sought*.

(4)

The Baltic, Euxin, *and the* Caspian,
And slender limb'd Mediterranean
Seem Narrow Creeks *to* Thee, *and only fit*
For the poor wretched Fisher-Boats of Wit:
Thy Nobler Vessel the vast Ocean *tries*,
And nothing sees but Seas *and* Skies,
Till unknown Regions *it descries*. (phies,
Thou great Columbus *of the* Golden Lands of New Philoso-
Thy Task was harder much than his;
For thy learn'd America *is*

Not

Not only found out first by thee,
And rudely left to future Industry;
But thy Eloquence, and thy Wit
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilized *it.*

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(4)

'Tis true, thy New Philosopher has left the *Caspian*,
The *Baltic*, *Euxin*, *Mediterranean*;
The *Narrow* ways to all that *White*
Which Mortals can descrie;
He Sails i'th' *Ocean* of the most *Profound Impiety*;
And from the *Coasts of Hell*
He brings those *Wares*, which he shall never sell
To any, but those dark'ned Souls, which *lie*, where *Adam* (*fell.*
The Power of Earthly Princes he doth *foolishly pretend*
By his *fictitious Loyalty* t' extend (alone:
To larger measures; gives to Kings what's due to God
Thus what he seems to make *more great*, he really makes
For sure on Earth there is *No Monarchy*, (*none:*
If it consist in ABSOLUTE *Sovereignty.*
The King of Kings commands us to obey our King,
By *chearful* Doing, or by *quiet* Suffering:
He that the Power of Kings would have much higher
His King Dishonours, and his GOD he doth Despise: (to arise,
Such Folk dwell in those *Colonies*,
Which *Hobbs* has planted in his *Lands of New Philosophies.*

I little thought before,
(Nor being my own ſelf ſo poor,
Could comprehend ſo vaſt a ſtore)
That all the Wardrobe *of rich* Eloquence,
Could have afforded half enuff
Of bright, *of* new, *and laſting Stuff,*
To cloath the mighty limbs *of thy* Gigantick Senſe,
Thy ſolid Reaſon like the Shield *from Heaven,*
To the Trojan Heroe *given,*
Too ſtrong to take a mark from any mortal Dart,
Yet ſhines with Gold, *and* Gems *in every part,*
And wonders on it grav'd by the learned hand of Art;
A Shield that gives delight
Even to the Enemies *ſight,*
Then when they're ſure to loſe the Combat by't.

His Monſtrous Thoughts may well be call'd *Gigantick*
To Heaven they fain would offer *violence,* (*Senſe,*
Like thoſe *Giants* of old
Of which the *Poets* told.
Even like *Goliath* they *Defie* (*Die.*
The Armies of the Living God, and like him too they
The Man with his *Gigantick Senſe,* his mighty *Spear*
Comes forth into the Field, and *Shield*
And for ſome time he Boaſted there
As if he had no Cauſe to Fear.
His Captive-Darkned *Soul can't ſee,*
What 'tis to have our Souls ſet free
From the Black Chains of dire NECESSITY;
This and a Thouſand Errors more
He ſtrives to *Land* upon our Shoar.

But then the Mighty *BRAMHAL* comes, and takes his
(Arms away,
Shews that this *Painted Shield's not fit for Fight, but Play,*
Strikes down the Monſter, doth to All his *Ugly Shape* diſplay.
Then in another Field he's met by th' Mighty WARD;
And here 'twas plainly ſeen, that he could neither guard
Himſelf from being Wounded, or give Wounds;
Down ſtrait he falls, his Armour on him ſounds,
What e're his Followers ſay, he never Roſe again:
His *Ghoſt* is heard to *Rave* ſometimes, but then Bold *TOM*
was ſlain.

Nor can the Snow, *which now cold* Age *does ſhed*
Upon thy reverend Head,
Quench or allay the noble Fires *within,*
But all which thou haſt bin,
And all that Youth *can* be, *thou'rt yet,*
So fully ſtill doſt Thou
Enjoy the Manhood, *and the* Bloom *of Wit,*
And all the Natural Heat, *but not the* Feaver *too.*
So Contraries *on* Aetna's *Top conſpire*
Her hoary Froſts, and by them breaks out Fire.
A ſecure peace the faithful Neighbours *keep,*
Th' emboldned Snow *next to the* Flame *does* ſleep.
And if we weigh like Thee,
Nature, and Cauſes we ſhall ſee,
That thus it needs muſt be;
To things Immortal, Time *can do no wrong,*
And that which never is to Dye, *for ever muſt be* Young,
TOM's

TOM's grown *Another Man*, and now himſelf betakes
To Poetry, and *Sonnets* makes
Of *Goa's*, and *Goddeſſes*, and ſuch like things:
He's now the *Eccho* of what *HOMER Sings.*
If *Verſifying* be a *Sign* of *Youth*,
The Man of *Politicks* is *youthful* ſtill:
He does not here Pretend to ſhew the *Truth*,
On which Pretence how much Ink did he ſpill!
O that he had ſpent all the Time
In hard *Tranſlations*, and in *Rhyme*, (we climb.
Which he ſpent in Oppoſing *Truths*, by which to Heaven
No wonder, that Old Age, & Youth, *Ætnean* Cold, & Heat
Should Meet in Him, in whom long ſince ſuch *Contradictions*
I wiſh he may not Die *too ſoon* after ſo long a Life, (Met.
That he no longer would maintain his curſed *Strife*
,Gainſt That, which would make him repent of all's Im-
(pieties:
Leaſt his Long Life bring him i'th' End to th' WORM that
(*Never Dies.*

FINIS.